Requiem For Man & Monster, In The Machinery Of The Night

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/48991474.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	Graphic Depictions Of Violence
Category:	M/M
Fandom:	Hannibal (TV)
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Dr. Frederick Chilton
Additional Tags:	Dark Will Graham, Alternate Universe - Different First Meeting, Serial Killer Will Graham, Will Graham Doesn't Need Help, Murder Husbands, Will Graham and Hannibal Lecter in Love, Canon-Typical Violence, Canon-Typical Behavior, Will Graham is a Tease, Murder Flirting, Medical Torture, Hannibal Lecter has so much PTSD, institutionalization, Will Graham's bloody sense of justice, Restraints, vengeance, Dehumanization, Falling In Love, Food as a Metaphor for Love, Comfort Food, trauma induced disordered eating, Autistic Will Graham, Autistic Hannibal Lecter, Hannibal Lecter in the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-07-31 Words: 7,270 Chapters: 1/1

Requiem For Man & Monster, In The Machinery Of The Night

by Apocalyptic_Space_They

Summary

Now that his trial is over Hannibal's been permanently transferred to the BSHCI. Dr Chilton handed his care over to the dangerously intriguing Nurse Graham.

Maybe things aren't as bad as they seem

-

"I'm Nurse William Graham RN. I'm the head nurse. They send me all the terrified fresh meat & hard cases who can't be managed by anyone else. Since you're both Dr Lecter, I'd suggest you get used to me, we're going to be seeing a lot of each other. Now I'm gonna approach slowly & unbuckle your mask. If you try to bite me, you won't have the satisfaction of success or a fully functional jaw after, which would be a shame, I do look forward to getting to know you. I'm curious about the man behind the mask. Now I know what you're thinking, that in a one to one fight even fully restrained, very few men of average competence could ever hope to stop you from biting them. Maybe taking taking a chunk out of me would be cathartic for you...and hell it might even be at that, but Doctor you gotta talk to me nice if you want me to let you put your mouth on me."

Notes

Mind the tags please.

There's nothing in this fic that's not implied or buried under three layers of subtext on the show

But we're bringing that medical abuse out into the ugly light of day.

I can never decide how to rate fics. I think my standards for mature/explicit are sometimes higher then most.

that explicit is for violence & institutional abuse

See the end of the work for more notes

The Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane

SuperMax, High Security Wing

The day Hannibal Lecter was finally admitted to the BSHCI, Director Chilton over saw the transfer himself. He fought hard for the right to house the high profile serial killer in his facility. There were factions that felt he might not be punitive enough after his bestselling book, *Hannibal The Cannibal*, spent Twenty six weeks on multiple international best seller lists.

Dr Frederick Chilton, had argued at length that he was a paragon of professionalism. Which was probably why Frederick lost every ounce of professional cool when the lockdown alarms started blaring in the middle of his Welcome to The Baltimore State Hospital transfer speech, for that same prisoner.

Hannibal Lecter

Flustered, Frederick looked to his head nurse, the man who had the dubious pleasure of always being his attendant in the admittance process for any of their more dangerous or unpleasant patients.

"Nurse Graham?"

Nurse William Graham acknowledged Frederick with a tight grimacing nod and a tone rooted in an undisguised biting sarcasm.

"Doctor Chilton?"

"Please Don't Dr Chilton me right now, do you know how much bad publicity we'll get if there's a break out today Will?"

Will's lip curled in bored annoyance

"That seems like a you problem Frederick"

Frederick pulled on his old fashioned waist coat in embarrassed anxiety, eyes darting in the direction of the very heavily restrained Doctor Hannibal Lecter.

Pride, Frederick Chilton's foundational sin. He cleared his throat, awkward and tense, not covering it well.

"Nurse Graham, can you handle this or not? I need to go see what's happening"

Nurse Graham only shrug nodded, giving the strong impression he'd rather be doing anything else but understood his responsibility.

"Sure Doctor Chilton"

Hannibal watched Nurse Graham cautiously, this might be about to go very bad, being left alone with small men, high on their small amounts of power could be dangerous... it all depended on how cruel or insecure the nurse was.

Nurse Graham had dark curly hair and piercing grey eyes. While Frederick was in the room, his nursed appeared indolent and unkempt. As Dr Chilton left, the nurse's body language went sharp, firey, guarded but curious. He returned Hannibal's appraising gaze without any visible guile. After they'd had enough time to acclimate to each other, Nurse Graham drifted, intentionally casual, in Hannibal's direction.

"So you're The Chesapeake Ripper huh? You know Doctor Chilton dresses like a high society Victorian rent boy because of you? Thinks it makes him look dignified... as if anything could do that... I should charge you emotional damages for making me listen to his constant, envious, simpering flattery. Unreal"

Hannibal remained silent, he could speak fine while wearing the muzzle, he refused to. It was the principle of the thing. He wasn't a raving, out of control monster, if they couldn't honor a gentleman's agreement, he wouldn't behave like a gentleman.

The nurse, stepped into Hannibal's space, running finger's gingerly over the muzzle, his expression dark, brooding, angry at things unseen. When he spoke, his voice had gone to soft gravel, gentle with a dangerous edge, a pleasant hum in the back of Hannibal's skull.

"I'm officially Nurse William Graham RN, as you heard, my name's Will. You can use my first name if you like. I won't mind if you do. I'm the head nurse around here. They send me all the terrified fresh meat... and the hard cases who can't be managed by anyone else. Feel free to interpret that however you like Dr Lecter. Since you're both, I'd suggest getting used to me, we're gonna be seeing a lot of each other."

Nurse Graham paused to see if Hannibal wanted or needed to say anything. When he didn't, Will continued without comment.

"I'm gonna approach slowly and unbuckle your mask. If you try to bite me, you won't have the satisfaction of success, or a fully functional jaw after, which would be a shame, I do look forward to getting to know you Doctor. I'm curious about the man behind the mask. Now I know what you're thinking, that in a one to one fight even fully restrained, very few men of average competence could ever hope to stop you from biting them. That it might be cathartic for you to take a chunk out of me...and hell it might even be at that, but Doctor you gotta talk to me nice if you want me to let you put your mouth on me."

Hannibal inclined his head in mildly amused acknowledgement. Will was pleased that he drew the notoriously taciturn killer into responding at all. It was a great first step. Feeling positive, Will continued.

"I think you'll find, once you get to know me, that I'm nothing at all like your average man. If you wanna know how different, you'll have to be at least a little sweet. I've heard so many things about the great Hannibal Lecter's charm... I confess I wanna see it. You can take that

however you want as well... and now, I don't think it's your style. Still, just so you know, telling Frederick that I wanna play with you... it won't help your situation at all. I'm what Frederick Chilton considers a necessary evil. You might say, I'm the power behind the throne. That ridiculous self-important little man is able to make the promises that he does because I'm better at his job then he is, and I don't want any of his attention"

Though he wore no expression on his impassive face, Will could feel Hannibal roll his eyes internally at Dr Chilton's constant thirst for fame. Will smiled crookedly and continued, he was so glad Frederick wasn't here, he lacked the sort of firm handed subtlety needed to uncork a wine of this vintage without ruining the bottle.

"A man, I respect as much as I respect any man, said once, that whenever possible one should eat the rude. A sentiment I fundamentally agree with, in spirit at least. I've got no need to be rude to you for the sake of being rude Doctor. I don't need your obedience to know my worth, I'm very aware of it. You've been acting like a feral dog, because they treat you like one. You just happen to be much more canny and capable then the feral dogs we usually handle here at the BSHCI. I'm here, to facilitate and ensure the return of your humanity. I want you to have that. None of us should live like dogs. But if I let you out of your kennel and you immediately piss on my floor, back in the kennel you go. Puppies who piss themselves, get their fear stench on everything, will be treated like puppies. I'll pop you on the nose and send you to bed without supper if I have to"

Hannibal made a slightly indignant sound from behind his mask.

Will shrugged again, smiling that slow amused smile that reminded Hannibal of sun soaked summers in his youth.

"Sorry, I'm not scared of you, so you don't even get the back handed compliment of being treated like a natural disaster boxed and banished. I'm going to approach you to take off your mask now, ok? See, here are my hands... Do we have an understanding Hannibal?"

Hannibal watched Will a moment longer, noting the familiar use of his first name. He didn't hate it. He'd met plenty of bullies during his trial, most of them left his presence bleeding. This one though?

Will Graham didn't feel like a bully, he was a funnel spider who'd found a place where his natural prey were plentiful and slow. It was fascinating, everything about Will's scent and body language said that what he was telling Hannibal was the truth. As much as he loathed being compared to a half wild puppy. Nurse Graham clearly didn't mean it as an insult... and he was tired of being strapped down like a slab of beef. Hannibal nodded, a single exhausted inclination of his head. Yes fine Nurse Graham's terms were acceptable.

"Excellent, thank you so much Doctor Lecter"

Will stepped into his space. Usually people unbuckled the mask standing behind him. They were almost comically terrified of his teeth. But not Nurse Graham. No Will, got right in very close, reaching around his head to unlock the buckles, holding Hannibal's eyes with a casual frank acknowledgement.

When the mask fell away, Will didn't flinch or jump away. Instead he hummed, in a soft buzzy way, and whispered into the gap between them.

"Shh there we go. That's a lot I know. You're alive. You're gonna be ok. It's gonna be ok, shh shh shh"

Faintly rubbing the spots by Hannibal's ears and jawline that were always rubbed raw by the mask, Will fussed over him, palm briefly resting against Hannibal's stubbly chin. He stepped back slightly, not out of fear but politeness, giving Hannibal the space to breathe.

"Better?"

It'd been a long time since anyone had shown him any kindness or understanding. Hannibal cleared his throat, voice rough, rendered unsure with disuse.

"Yes, thank you..... I'm curious though, how did you know that you could trust me not to bite you?"

Will scrunched his face up, noncommittal.

"I read your file"

"I believe that my file surely says that I've bitten every single person who's ever unbuckled me and given me half a chance."

"You've bitten every single person who was rude to you, wanting a story to take home to their family about how they braved The Ripper and survived. I took the mask off of a person who'd not been offered the opportunity to be reminded that he was alive and human in a very long time, completely different circumstances."

Hannibal couldn't do anything but look at Will, so look he did. Everything about him still said he was being honest... and that he was utterly unafraid of Hannibal. Curiosity peaked now, and more emotionally raw from the interaction then he'd like to admit, Hannibal jerkily nodded his acknowledgement.

Will painlessly slid into Hannibal's space again, as he moved, he explained each step of how he would unlock all the layers of protection between the world and Hannibal The Cannibal... starting with the buckles on the dolly.

"Well first I'm gonna get you off this evil damn dolly, you're not a goddamn broken refrigerator, then I'll take your ankle cuffs and that jacket off. Frederick is acting like it's the fucking thirties in some back woods poorhouse in here. I don't fucking like it. They condemn you for killing then want to make you the living dead. I know shit when I smell it, that's a load of shit"

Hannibal stayed still and followed directions as he was unbuckled. He'd never really anticipated how much being in prison... or a psych ward would remind him of the orphanage he grew up in. Usually he kept himself distracted from the unwelcome association by biting people's faces off. He wasn't sure if Will would be a positive enough distraction from the old

memories, but this was a step up in terms of feeling almost human... and he could always bite Nurse Graham's face off tomorrow.

Either way, for now watching Will work was making Hannibal curious about someone else for non culinary reasons, for the first time in a very long time. He hummed a snippet of one of his favorites overtures.

"I must say Nurse Graham, this isn't at all what I expected"

Will made efficient work of the straps on the straightjacket. He peered at Hannibal as he stepped back taking the last of the restraints with him.

"What did you expect?"

Hannibal stretched like a lion waking up from a nap, his whole body was creaking, he wished he could take a hot shower.

"I suppose I expected rather more abuse to be frank... certainly more Frederick."

The quiet strength Hannibal carried in his body was hypnotic, Will wanted... so very many things...

"Yeah well I don't like that shit, but you'll get abuse too. I can't exactly kill every idiot with an inferiority complex and a grudge Frederick hires...and I'm sure Frederick himself will pop in from time to time, just so he can keep name dropping you in interviews, if nothin else. But he knows he looks better when he leaves me to it, so mostly he does. I suspect his daddy taught him not to look a gift horse in the mouth."

Will gave Hannibal the carefully curated impression of a Jaguar half asleep in a tree. Harmless looking but utterly dangerous if it ever decided it wanted to eat you. Hannibal wondered at being allowed to see that. Will's whole body slumped lazily in another loose limbed intentionally cavalier shrug as he continued.

"Now I figure you can handle yourself Dr Lecter. You're welcome to consider trouble makers... enrichment in your enclosure if you want, like a Greyhound with their little bunny lures. No one, not even Frederick will begrudge you that. It'll only increase your legend and he's so terrible thirsty for your legend Doctor. If for any reason you want or need me to put a stop to something... For that matter if you get bored, tired, curious, whatever, let me know. I'll take care of it... whatever or whomever that happens to be"

Will seemed to be in no rush getting through the conversation. He paused regularly to give Hannibal opportunity to speak but continued on if he chose not to. It was a small generosity Hannibal was disproportionately thankful for. It'd been quite awhile since he'd been given the luxury of human conversation.

Will smirk sneered at someone in his minds eye, Frederick probably.

"Even if it's Doctor Chilton or another one of the nurses that are being an... annoyance. There's no one in this building who I couldn't whip better behavior out of if needed"

Hannibal was curious about the nature of Will's offer. Would he expect something in payment later? Was he himself included in the people Will Graham assumed he could handle easily?

"Very Nurse Ratchet of you Will. Are you going to torture me as well then?"

"I don't know, I really only relish torturing people who've earned something more painful then what they got from the government. Do you think you'll earn torture Dr Lecter?"

"Please call me Hannibal, Will. Hmm, you might actually make this whole unfortunate happening interesting enough to almost be worth it. I'm quite intrigued. Speaking of intrigued. I wonder why our good Doctor Chilton has been gone so long?"

Will kept moving as he answered, even now, setting up the room for habitation, from where it was all packed on a medium sized push trolly with BSHCI emblazoned on every side. He was almost certainly going slower then was his norm. He bet a career nurse could have this room stripped down and turned over in less then two minutes.

Was he giving Hannibal time to ask questions? If so Hannibal had more. Will's smile was equal parts amused and something darker, when he answered.

"Mmm well unfortunately Frederick made a slight mistake in the scheduling. One of our more violent offenders was left alone in the nurse's office with a rather rude young man, they've had a number of disagreements...that young man always saw stepping on people, as a stepping stone to bigger and better things. As Frederick would say, it's an unpleasant business. There's a lot of paperwork involved any time we have a murder suicide on the grounds. But when the perpetrator is as high profile as The Shrike, well Frederick is gonna be buried in paperwork, interviews, and phone calls. He'll be happy as a fox in a hen house, you shouldn't have to deal with him until tomorrow at the very earliest"

Hannibal, couldn't resist trying to catch Will's scent as he moved around the room. When he finally did, it was almost infuriatingly calm, perhaps a sliver of satisfied. Hannibal wished mightily for his old freedom back, he flexed his hands, feeling the bones grind from disuse

"And was that accident your doing Nurse Graham?"

"The Shrike going after an orderly? Poor Mr Brown? How could that be? I'm right here with you. There's a camera right outside your door, there's no way I could've been anywhere but here since Frederick brought me in here with him. That was well before any violence broke out"

"Interesting"

Will's smile was playful this time, something akin to friendly.

"Oh one more thing Hannibal"

Will got a small cooler off of the BSHCI push trolley.

"I understand you have a very particular diet, that you've been struggling to eat since you got arrested."

Hannibal looked slightly embarrassed, that wasn't intentional, though people took it as snobbery. At first Frederick and Dr Bloom were trying to force feed him food that'd almost gone off. Then the environment, the inhuman treatment, the lack of anything safe to eat, the PTSD spiral he ended up in... it all accumulated to make it nearly impossible for him to start eating normally again. He forced what he could down, but it wasn't much. He was aware the hospital's all saw it as a red mark on their treatment checklist.

"Ahh, yes, well. I'm afraid I was quite accustomed to that very particular cuisine even before my former colleagues got the idea they could torture me with food.... that I would not feed a stray dog"

"Yeah, I heard about that filth they were trying to force into you during the trial. I was in undergrad with Alana Bloom. Packs of hyenas are run by one Queen, mother and ruthless leader of the whole pack. It's a mistake to assume someone like Alana is harmless just because she's a woman. She's very good at seeming confused and stubborn while she slides the blade in between your ribs. I know I should respect her skill... but we have history."

This was the first time Will had broken from his performance of intentional indolence. Hannibal was extremely curious, his face lit up just slightly when he asked

"Is she an ex perhaps William?"

"It's Will, not William. I don't know you that well. She's... something like that. Not me, my little sister. I don't like people who fuck with my family. My sister, Freddie, she trusted Alana when it turned out she shouldn't have, that's all"

Will gnawed on his lip, thinking about that more deeply. It was clearly important to him. Eventually he sighed and continued

"I can't do it every night, so don't go and get all excited about it. But I made you a little meal, for the sake of easing your adjustment period"

Will pulled a Tupperware container and a small thermos out of an unremarkable paper bag. He pushed them across the plain industrial desk. Hannibal smelled the homemade food, god it smelled so good, real food. He looked at Will again, curious.

"What is it?"

"Nothing fancy, a protein scramble and Bikavér"

"Hungarian blood wine?"

"I'm whimsical what can I say? ... and I'm also very particular about what I put in my body. I figured it couldn't hurt to encourage our having an equatable working arrangement...what with how much time we'll be spending together."

Hannibal, tentatively tasted the food and obviously watered down wine. It was good. For the first time in months, his stomach purred at the food instead of lurching.

"I see, well Will, you'll have to excuse me. This is quite delightful and as you said, I haven't been eating much"

"Go ahead. It's not seasoned to much, all real mild, figured your stomach was probably pretty off. I have about fifteen minutes before rounds, I can stay or I can fuck off, whichever"

"I think I would very much like for you to stay, I find myself unbearably curious and it's been so long since I've had a friend for dinner"

Will, smiled, softer then looked possible on his gruff face.

"Good good, all hell might break loose if you and I get friendly...and I don't know about you Hannibal but I absolutely adore reminding them that angels and demons all started out cut from the same cloth"

"I've got your dinner Hannibal. House special"

Will peered at the last plate on his trolley

"I think it's supposed to be nachos"

As was usually the case these days, Hannibal was drawing when Will came to bring him food, meds, or any of the other exchanges involved in the minutiae of his imprisonment. He looked up, smiling. He and Will had developed a habit of... He supposed it was banter, on Sundays when it was just Will, security, and the inmates.

"Thank you Will... I've been thinking on it since last we spoke. I believe you imagine yourself an Angel of Mercy"

Will left the limp nachos on the trolley and sat sprawling casually across Hannibal's bed. They had an agreement, Will had nothing to fear and Hannibal had someone to talk to that he didn't want to immediately murder... and over the months he'd developed a fondness for the scent of Will on his bed anyway. The combination of his personal scent combined with the traces of outside that Will intentionally gifted Hannibal with. It was always a little different, sometimes a bit of tobacco, often dogs, rain, occasionally blood. They'd never spoken on it yet Hannibal knew without a doubt that it was intentional, and intended as a gift, not a taunt.

So Hannibal never drew attention to it when Will stretched out, overly familiar and relaxed, across his bed on a Sunday evening.

"Oh really? You think I kill out of pity? An Angel of death?"

"I don't think you kill out of pity, though I think you consider yourself a merciful man."

Will kicked back on the bed, tucking his hands behind his head, playful. Will liked to play with him, and while Hannibal didn't usually bother with battles of wit, having nothing to prove to anyone... there was something so curious about the way Will's mind worked. He surprised Hannibal more than any one person ever had... and he quite literally had nothing better to do, so he played Will's games, at first reticently, but over time more eagerly.

Tonight he could tell Will had something he was downright excited to tell Hannibal, not bragging or posturing, a secret shared with a friend.

Because they were friends now right? Hannibal couldn't be sure, he'd never had a real friend. Just people who liked or admired the person suit. Which was boring and also didn't count. They couldn't be friends with a fiction, and he couldn't be friends with people fond of the lie. Will was many things, but boring was never one of them.

Today, bristling with good cheer, Will sat up again, held Hannibal's pillow tight in his lap. If it was anyone else, one might think he was hiding behind the pillow, nervous. Not Will though, he was scent marking Hannibal, Hannibal's space, Hannibal's things.

When he'd first noticed it, It annoyed him. How dare anyone... but he'd developed a more relaxed attitude about Will and his feral proclivities. He never meant it the way most men would, it wasn't to show Hannibal he was in control... He simply saw Hannibal as his...part of his pack perhaps.

"Get lost in your mind palace Hannibal?"

"My apologies Will, you give me much to think on. I believe you were about to tell me how wrong I am."

Laughing, Will bit the pillow, growling into it, being down right silly. He really was in a very good mood today

"Hmmm there's one little detail of my design that I think would shift your perspective a lot..."

"But I have to figure it out?"

"Mmm I went to a medical convention yesterday. All the freshest minds in prescription medicine. Very interesting. Very informative"

"And you found a new side project..."

Will slid like liquid off the bed, prowling in Hannibal's direction. He still had the pillow, for one brief electric flash Hannibal thought Will was going to suffocate him with it. He didn't, though he was practically purring with amusement as he watched Hannibal's reaction.

"See I knew you'd figure it out. Such a smart wolf. I did find a new passion project. Fascinating specimen, desperately lonely. Completely obsessed with fungus, the mycelium network specifically. He was practically putty in my hands...but maybe I should play to my audience, more like a sourdough starter. Keep them warm, wet, carefully covered, and something delicious will grow. A perfect snack"

Will leaned in close to Hannibal, he smelled like lust and violence, and in one brilliant flash of insight, Hannibal understood why he wasn't an Angel of death. Outwardly he just quirked the tiniest bit of smile up at Will.

"Perhaps if you're snacking, A black widow would be a better moniker then Angel of death."

Laughing, Will sat on Hannibal's desk, directly on his drawing of... Something that suddenly seemed painfully irrelevant, twisting in what felt like slow motion, they were facing each other now, it was quite suggestive this position.

"Hannibal"

The waves of violent arousal rolling off of Will were debilitatingly tempting

"Hannibal"

Will tapped him on the nose like a naughty puppy.

"Yes William? You have my attention, you've gone to great lengths to get it. What can I do for you?"

Will snickered, a mean feral little growling sound.

"I want you to think about it, I want you to wonder. Will poor Mr Stammets be inside me when I choke the life out of him? What if it was you instead of some button down Midwestern pharmacist? Could you survive? Would I survive? Would you ride me? Would I climax when you ripped my throat out with those beautiful dangerous teeth of yours? Or perhaps it would be the other way around, my hands around your throat while you fill me up... So many things to think on Hannibal. So tonight when you come with my name on your lips... I want you to remember that a pharmacist is going to know what I taste like when you don't"

Will pushed Hannibal's chair back, with his feet, set the pillow carefully in his lap, and winked at him as he walked away. Hannibal's static brain came into sharp focus one gleaming point... One very very important point

"Why...all this theater William?"

Will went still, scowling at the wall behind Hannibal's head.

"Maybe I just like to play with my food"

The spinning in Hannibal's head settled, this was even more telling.

"But you don't, you mold them into the shape you want and then you eat them. This is like... an over eager puppy playing with a new pack mate... that's interesting isn't it William? You don't mind my calling you William anymore either do you? I guess I do indeed know you that well. When you watch the security tapes later, to make sure I want you... I'll be thinking about fucking you from behind... over my desk, while Dr Chilton watches, my hands around your throat slowly slowly choking the life out of you... and you'll so desperately want to be

special in that moment... but I've killed so many people. How could you be? How could you remake me in your image without remaking yourself in mine? That will be the burning question in your mind when you come with *my* name on your lips... and sweet William let's be honest with each other. You're so desperate for my hands on your throat, you'll try anyway, knowing the risk... Not today, not tomorrow.... but you will ask me to make you anew William. You will come to me with your beautiful vicious heart in your hands in hopes that I might give you mine in exchange. Soon William you'll come to me and beg me to make your dreams come true, beg me to remake myself with you, in fire and blood... because you don't play with your food and you're not mean to those people you call friends. So it would seem this is new for both of us. a couple of blood soaked old curs tempted by the warmth of the fire...how can we know if the fire is real? How can we know for sure other than by throwing ourselves into the blaze and seeing if we're born anew? ...and William beloved, you smell delicious... Like fresh meat in the rain"

"Fuck"

Hannibal leaned back in his chair, smiling his most infuriatingly smug smile.

"Mmmh"

"Fuck you Hannibal"

"Indeed"

When Will left him to his completely forgotten congealed nachos, Hannibal took out a new piece of paper. He felt an overwhelming craving to draw saint Sebastian, with Will's face of course. He would hang it by his bed. See how his dear sweet William handled that.

Hannibal laughed into the discarded pillow that now smelled deliciously of aggression and arousal. Hannibal wasn't exactly pleased to be in prison, but he was very very glad he'd met Will Graham. Getting to know his monster was such a joy it almost made incarceration worth it.

Almost.

Still one of these days soon, his sweet William would be ready for the cleansing fire

And Lo the World would tremble

--

Hannibal did not appreciate being woken up with a cattle prod to the gut. It was a rude reminder of the time before Will took over his care.

Will Graham would never

But Will wasn't here for some reason and Fredrick came prepared. It turned out that even the devil himself was somewhat debilitated when being woken from a dead sleep in this awful manner. So Hannibal was dazed, not entirely at full capacity to be certain , but it certainly seemed like every orderly, security guard, and nurse in the hospital was currently crushed into his cell, pinning him to the ground.

Every nurse but one. Even in the thick of the chaos, Hannibal found himself concerned for the well-being of BSHCI's head nurse.

Where was Will?

Had someone figured him out? Had he been arrested?

Hannibal's heart hammered as he fought to break and seriously incapacitate as many members of the team restraining him as possible. He counted their injuries in his head, an internal metronome; 13 broken fingers, 7 serious bite injuries, 4 broken wrists, two concussions, 1 emergency trip to the infirmary. Good, let them that would treat him like a dangerous animal, suffer the injuries of cornering a dangerous animal.

Hannibal knew when he felt it that the pin prick in his neck meant a sedative. The world went swimmy and undulating as Frederick stepped over him, he looked down at Hannibal, curious but uncomprehending, a child blinking petulantly at god for not giving him cookies for dinner.

"Hannibal, I don't know what you've done to convince Nurse Graham that you're not a threat, but you and I know better don't we? Unfortunately for you, Will has family business he has to attend to, so he's not here to coddle you. I am going to be managing your care until he gets back and I am not so easily deceived as Nurse Graham. So don't do anything we'll both regret Hannibal"

Frederick turned to the staff, waving vaguely.

"Put the dog back on his leash"

The orderlies bore down on him with the muzzle and straight jacket moving quickly, as the sedative he'd been given made his vision dark around the edges. Hannibal knew he'd only be conscious for another few seconds.

In rush to subdue the monster someone got sloppy, their hand flew just a few centimeters to close to his face. A few centimeters was all Hannibal needed. Fueled by a deadly ice cold fury, he was faster then even they were prepared for, his jaws strong and sure as he bit deep into the gristle of the man's knuckles. Two fingers tore free, laying momentarily like obscene trophies in Hannibal's mouth. He spit the severed fingers back in their faces. Great gouts of blood and human saliva were smeared garishly across Hannibal's sharp cheekbones and up into his ashen silver blonde hair. It rolled heavy and wet down his chin, falling to horrific affect on the formerly pristine white straight jacket. Streaked in other men's blood, Hannibal the Cannibal slid into a drugged sleep with the music of their terrified screaming in his ears. He wore a cruel satisfied smile under the muzzle.

It took several large orderlies to safely strap the sleeping monster to the dolly that was his rightful place according to Dr Chilton. Alone in the stringent white hospital light, Prometheus chained and devoured undying by looming vultures. It was easy to imagine Hannibal Lecter, the devil himself, might shake off the tangible reality of their judgement at any moment, and reek a revenge so sweeping and dire that the world would quake in horror.

No one stayed to look the monster in the eyes when he awoke. They were afraid to see themselves reflected in his murderous eyes.

Some things were to terrible to look upon.

-

1 week later

Hannibal was asleep when Will got back from his emergency time off. To be most accurate they'd kept him heavily sedated while Will was gone even strapped to the dolly as he was, almost all the time.

Will was there, in the room with him when the medication wore off enough for Hannibal to be able to inhabit his own body again.

William

Thank god, he'd begun to worry about Will's whereabouts in earnest as the days stacked up in his absence.

He'd woken up, restless because he felt eyes on him. For the last week waking up only meant torment. Hannibal didn't want it. He chose to float nebulous in his mind palace, Will's vicious smile kept him company there.

When no blows came, Hannibal opened his eyes to find Will, hovering tangibly, eyes wet, hands bracketing his face behind the mask. Hannibal stirred, mind heavy with a week's worth of sedation, accent dense and seeping in his mouth.

"No no William, this will never do, an avenging angel must be furious with violence"

Will's voice was small with quiet devastation as he stroked the muzzle gently, both like and unlike the day they met. Today Will looked at him not with curiosity or intrigue... he looked at Hannibal like he was something to be cherished, protected.

"Oh I'm furious with violence all right... Hannibal, what've they done to you while I was gone?"

Hannibal knew that if this was real, not another fevered vision his brain conjured to soothe him in this horrific place, then he must be quite a sight, still wearing the same blood soaked

uniform, mask, and straight jacket they put him in a week ago.

"William are you really here? My mind has been quite industrious lately, so that I might remember the comfort of your presence in all the most bloody rooms and halls of this palace made of memories. I fear you're not real though I'll take the comfort either way... I think Frederick was jealous that I had not even once tried to eat you... So he attempted to consume me instead. A punishment for my sins of the heart..."

Hannibal's voice grew weak again, fuzzy around the edges. He was lead back to the land of the living by a wolf loping through ice cold Lithuanian snow. A wolf that coalesced in this time and space as Will growl snarling quietly as he set to work unlocking Hannibal again.

Perhaps this was real then, though Hannibal still couldn't be entirely sure. Will's energy was wrong, off... he seemed so small, zo unsure... Hannibal had never seen the real Will Graham affected by anything like this. He wasn't sure about the one that inhabited his mind palace.

Hannibal felt a smooth reassuring humm as his mind finally caught reality in his bloody brutal hands. He twined his fingers into it's thick reassuring fur, anchored.

"William, what happened? I was concerned"

"They've had you trussed up like a roasting pig and you're worried about me? ... Yeah... Yeah ok, Alana... she and my sister used to...Alana promised her the story of a life time, fed her to Mason Verger. I know you've crossed paths with him before Hannibal. He's evil, he hurt her for fun. He needs to be put down...My sister, Freddie, she's tough, she fishhooked him with his own knife... She's... Not ok but she's alive. He's to rich Hannibal. No one cares about one annoyingly invasive investigative journalist. He's already out on his own recognizance. What a fucking joke... I need..."

Weathering the wave of pins and needles that washed over his strained body, Hannibal cracked his neck, his mind sharp again. After so many years of conditioning his body was snapping back into working order quickly.

"... What do you need William?"

Will flinched, staring hard in distaste at the wall before finally letting their eyes meet. For the first time in all their months together, Will let down his guard entirely... let Hannibal see him fully, with no person suit, no embroidery or garnish, just Will.

As if he was leaping off a high cliff into the crashing waves below, unsure if he would survive, William closed his eyes and took a deep breath.

"This is it Hannibal, I have my heart in my hands. Come with me, help me... Help me end Mason Verger"

Hannibal paused in the quick work of massaging all his joints back into full functionality.

"Mason Verger's a violent self aggrandizing fool. He's a mallet, you're a scalpel, so sharp and quick, their guts are on the floor before they even realize you've struck.You don't need my

help killing him"

"No I don't"

Hannibal rolled his neck again, shook out his hands and feet, enjoying the full use of his limbs.

"So what do you *need* Will? Help me understand."

Will's eyes were a tidal wave of emotion breaking with enthusiasm over all of Hannibal's most vulnerable and solitary places.

"I won't be back here... When I kill him... They'll know it was me, they're not complete idiots, Frederick's cronies. Once they see one of mine, they'll come looking for more... and they'll find them Hannibal. They will find so many more, so I have to go. I don't need you to kill Mason Verger for me, but I'd love it if you turned him into bacon with me. I'd love to introduce you to my dogs. We can feed them his monstrous face, so they know you're part of their pack now. You don't have to go with me, your freedom doesn't hinge on your choosing me. A choice made under duress is no choice. I won't stop you if you want to take the clothes I brought and go your own way. But I would like it, I want-, need, fuck-"

Hannibal brought him up short with deft fingers gentle along his jaw, tangible reassurance.

"That's a lovely speech William. I appreciate your consideration. You've only failed to account for the fact that I have been your creature since the day we met. Since you looked in the eyes of a monster and saw a man who even soaked in blood, deserved the consoling touch of another human being. In soothing the soul of the man, you won the heart of the monster. There is no circumstance in which I would not to aid you in whatever way you asked. There is no time that could pass wherein I would not choose you, over and over again. Now I believe you said, that you brought me street clothes? I'm ecstatic to be out of this filthy humiliating onesie. Might we make a slight detour on our way to The Verger Estate? I believe I owe you dinner, and I know just the pig to barbecue for the pleasure of our first proper meal together"

Will went through a cascade of emotions raw and overwhelming, surprise, gratitude, awe, humor, love, and then a furious radiant bloody devotion. In realizing that Hannibal was going to come with him, a strain Will hadn't realized he'd been carrying slid smoothly off his shoulders. He settled, radiant, back into that easy confidence Hannibal so adored.

"Hell yeah Hannibaby"

"Hannibaby? Really?"

Will laughed dry and carefree as Hannibal got dressed. Will had even somehow managed to bring one of his favorite suits. It felt good to have it back. He felt fully like himself for the first time in a long time. Perhaps he could let the nickname slide this time, after all they were in a hurry, they had to see an old friend for dinner tonight.

Frederick shuffled sleepily to the door. Who could possibly be knocking in the middle of the night on a Sunday?

What the hell? Answering the door only gave Frederick more questions, for reasons he couldn't fathom, it was nurse Graham.

"Will? What do you want? It's late? Do you know how busy I've been doing your job for you? You've left me in the lurch for your little vacation Will. I did it, because I care about you and my patients but I don't appreciate being expected carry you professionally. I think, whatever this is, it can wait"

Will cracked his neck, lip curling in open distaste.

"You know damn well I wasn't on vacation but that doesn't matter now. It really can't wait, Doctor Chilton. There's someone here who urgently needs to talk to you about conditions at the hospital."

Frederick puffed out his chest, trying to look dignified, imposing.

"What the in the world are you talking about Will?"

To Frederick's utter horror, Hannibal Lecter appeared out of nowhere. Like a flash of lightning he simply wasn't, and then he was, standing tranquil in the doorway. His eyes lit with a violence so primal it wormed it's way into Frederick's gut, radiating through his nervous system like a catastrophic infection. A hollow civilized smile slotted into place on Hannibal's angular handsome face where the stoic neutrality usually was.

"Ahh Doctor Chilton. I'm so glad we caught you, we have so much to discuss"

Hannibal and Will, moving in unison like pack animals, wolves or killer whales, pushed through the door, herding Frederick further into his house without discussion. Will wore a wild toothy smile that Frederick had never seen on him before.

Eventually he realized he was screaming, though he could not stop

If anyone heard Frederick scream they didn't pursue it. He has a mean little man with a strange ugly job. That one was always causing problems for his neighbors, and there were always such strange and unsavory people lurking around. Men with guns and large black trucks. They were not the type of people you interfered with on a Sunday evening while watching the late night news.

It'd always been best to leave it alone when frightening men came to call on Frederick Chilton, tonight was no different.

Somethings were best left unseen.

Later when the police came calling to ask if they heard anything, they almost believed themselves when they said no officer, I was asleep all night. It was quiet as quiet could be as far as I know

They never heard a thing

Sometimes it was just better that way

End Notes

My Fic & Fanart Accts
Twitter
Tumblr

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!